

INTRODUCING THE
NISSAN ROGUE
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HEROES

CHAPTER 53

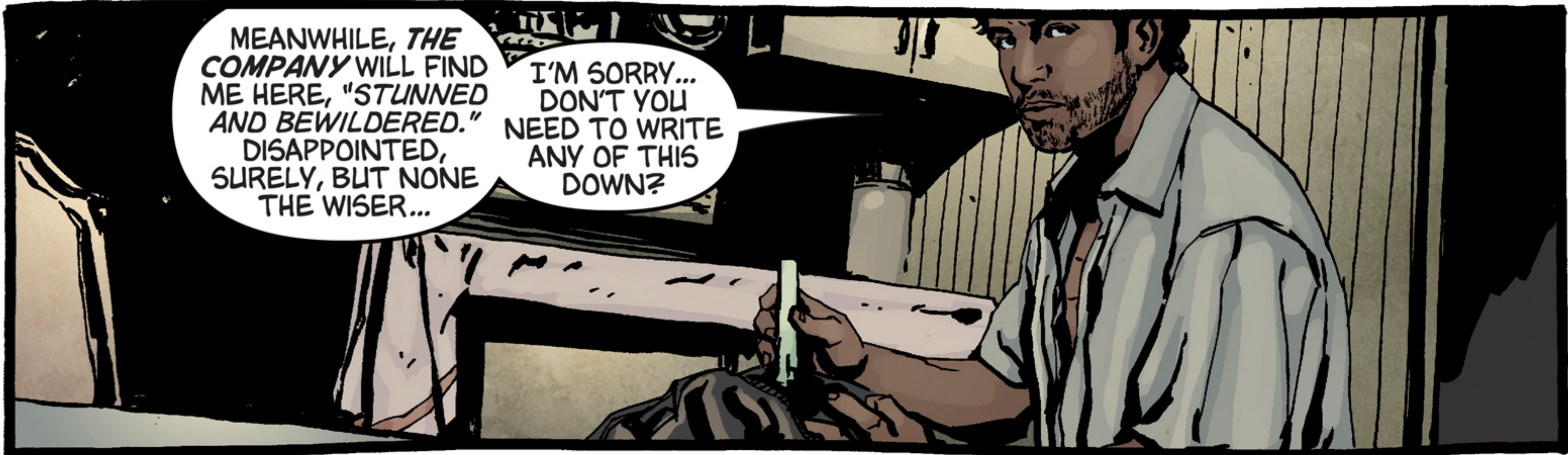
The Crossroads

The mysterious Haitian, stricken with a mysterious virus, has returned to his native soil to die. Dr. Mohinder Suresh arrived in Port-au-Prince to cure him. The Haitian then vanished, with Suresh apparently his latest victim. But not all was as it seemed...



PORT-AU-PRINCE,
HAITI

"...THEN THE CONTACT WILL GET YOU
TO COSTA VERDE, CALIFORNIA.
BENNET SAYS YOU KNOW HOW TO
FIND HIM FROM THERE."



MEANWHILE, **THE COMPANY** WILL FIND
ME HERE, "**STUNNED
AND BEWILDERED.**"
DISAPPOINTED,
SURELY, BUT NONE
THE WISER...

I'M SORRY...
DON'T YOU
NEED TO WRITE
ANY OF THIS
DOWN?



MEMORY IS
NOT AN ISSUE
FOR ME.

DO NOT WORRY,
DR. SURESH. THE
PLAN IS SOUND.
I WILL GET TO
BENNET...

...IF
GOD TRULY
BELIEVES I
DESERVE
TO.



I DON'T KNOW ABOUT GOD,
BUT MY **FATHER** USED TO SAY
THAT ALL MEN DESERVED A
SECOND CHANCE...GOOD MEN
DESERVED THREE.

WHATEVER YOU DID
WITH THE COMPANY...
THIS IS YOUR OPPORTUNITY
TO MAKE IT RIGHT, BY
HELPING US TAKE
THEM **DOWN.**



CONSIDER YOURSELF
BLESSED TO HAVE
HAD...SUCH A
COMPASSIONATE
FATHER.

I WILL JOIN YOUR
CRUSADE, **SURESH...**
BUT FIRST...



"...THERE IS
SOMETHING I
MUST DO."

THE CROSSROADS. I HAVE
NOT BEEN HERE SINCE THE
DAY MY FATHER THREW
HIMSELF FROM ITS PEAK...

NOTHING HAS CHANGED.
EVERYTHING HAS CHANGED.

The

CROSSROADS

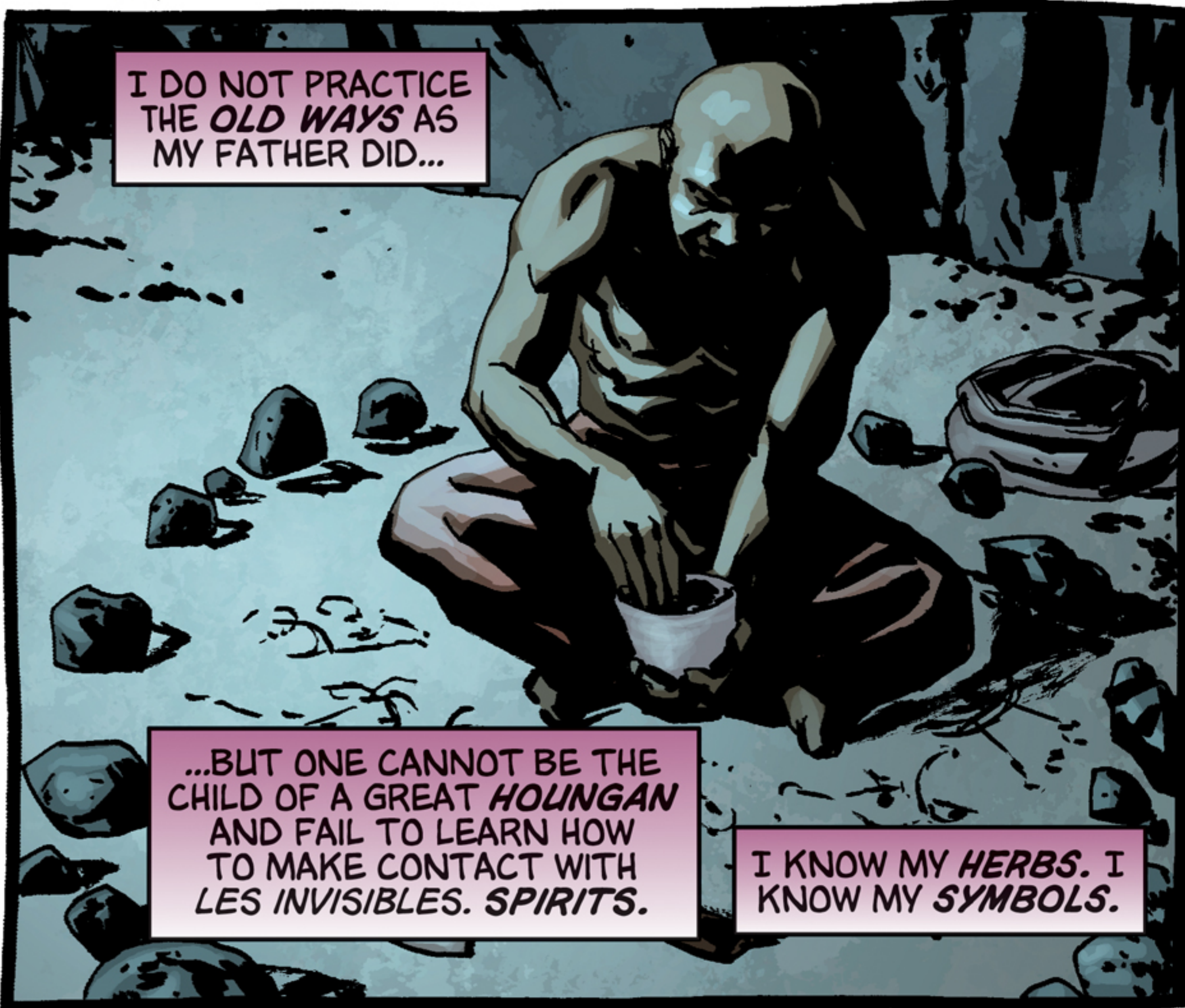
JOE KELLY OF
MAN OF ACTION STUDIOS

MICHAEL
GAYDOS

Story

Art


CHRIS SOTOMAYOR *Colors* COMICRAFT *Lettering* Nanci QUESADA *Editor*



I DO NOT PRACTICE
THE *OLD WAYS* AS
MY FATHER DID...

...BUT ONE CANNOT BE THE
CHILD OF A GREAT *HOUNGAN*
AND FAIL TO LEARN HOW
TO MAKE CONTACT WITH
LES INVISIBLES. SPIRITS.

I KNOW MY *HERBS*. I
KNOW MY *SYMBOLS*.

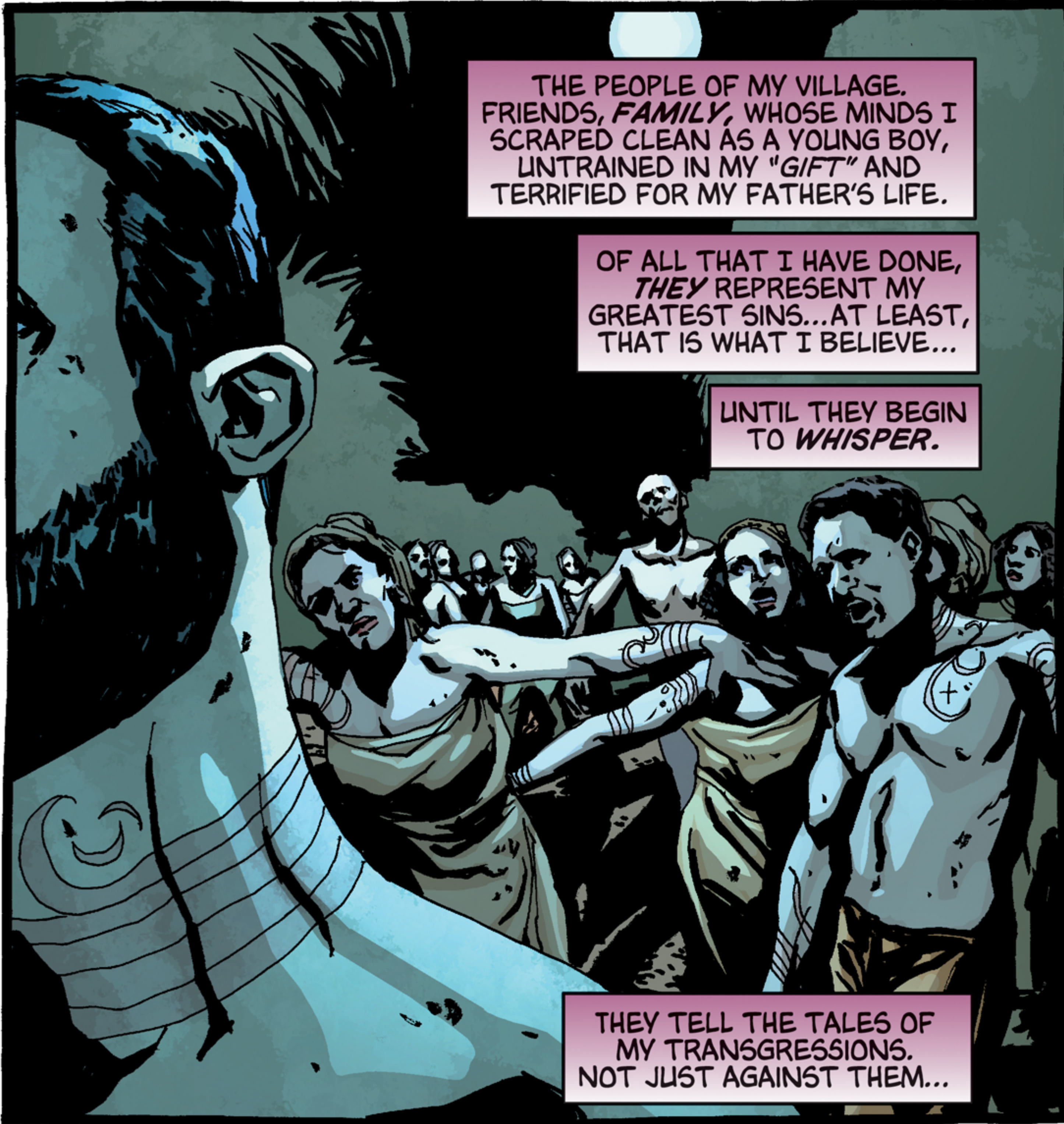


THE SUMMONING
CEREMONY IS A SIMPLE
MATTER REALLY,
ESPECIALLY HERE, WHERE
THE VEIL BETWEEN LIGHT
AND SHADE IS AT ITS
THINNEST...

...SIMPLE
AS DYING.



I KNEW *THEY* WOULD
APPEAR TO ME
FIRST...BUT I DID
NOT ANTICIPATE HOW
MUCH IT WOULD *HURT*.

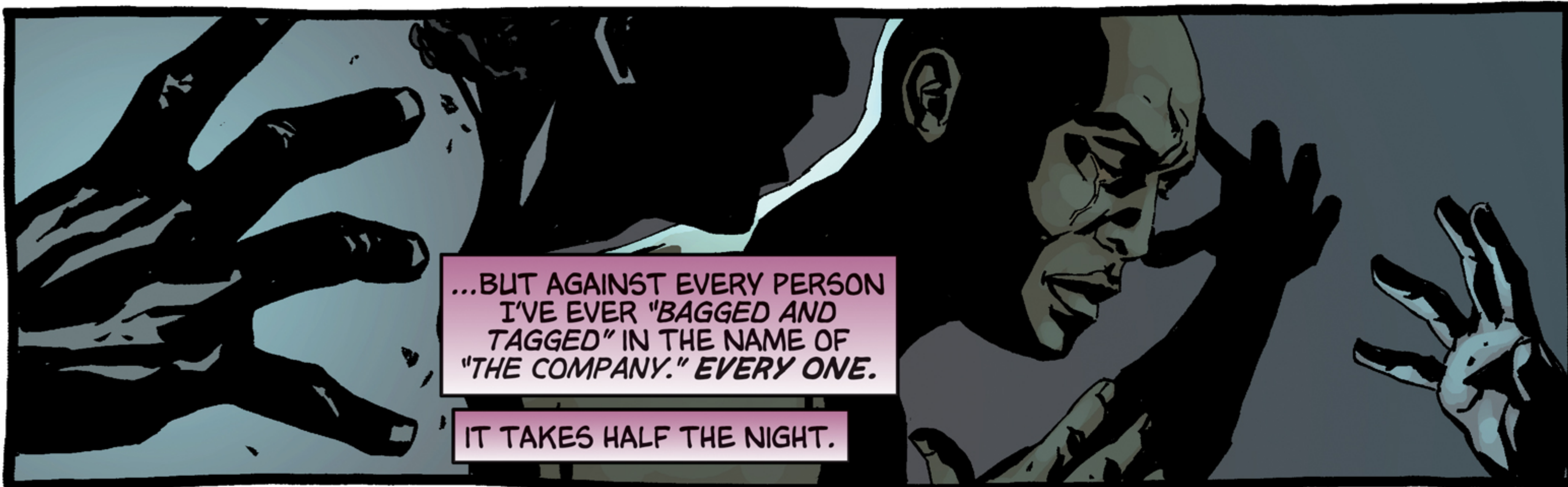


THE PEOPLE OF MY VILLAGE.
FRIENDS, *FAMILY*, WHOSE MINDS I
SCRAPED CLEAN AS A YOUNG BOY,
UNTRAINED IN MY "*GIFT*" AND
TERRIFIED FOR MY FATHER'S LIFE.

OF ALL THAT I HAVE DONE,
THEY REPRESENT MY
GREATEST SINS...AT LEAST,
THAT IS WHAT I BELIEVE...

UNTIL THEY BEGIN
TO *WHISPER*.

THEY TELL THE TALES OF
MY TRANSGRESSIONS.
NOT JUST AGAINST THEM...



...BUT AGAINST EVERY PERSON
I'VE EVER "*BAGGED AND
TAGGED*" IN THE NAME OF
"*THE COMPANY*." *EVERY ONE*.

IT TAKES HALF THE NIGHT.



I WANT TO BEG FOR
FORGIVENESS, BUT
I MUST NOT.

PENITENCE IS *WEAKNESS*
ACCORDING TO THE *OLD WAYS*.
TO SURVIVE, I MUST *ACCEPT*
WHAT THE SPIRITS GIVE ME AND
ENDURE WHO I HAVE BEEN...



...IF I AM
EVER TO
BECOME
SOMETHING
ELSE.



SOMETHING ELSE?!

AS GROWS THE VINE SO GROWS THE FRUIT! YOU ARE YOUR FATHER'S SON! HE WHO WAS FAVORED BY THE LOA WITH POWER BUT SOUGHT ONLY SELFISH GAINS!

YOU ARE WEAK! YOU ARE BROKEN! YOU WILL DIE HERE AS HE DID BEFORE YOU!

WHY DID YOU COME HERE? FORGIVENESS?!



I CAME FOR A BLESSING.

FROM YOU. FROM THE LOA. FROM THOSE WRETCHED WHO HAVE *FALLEN* BECAUSE OF MY ARROGANCE AND BLINDNESS...

BECAUSE I WANT MY LIFE TO COUNT FOR SOMETHING *GOOD* BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE.

I CAME HERE, BECAUSE...

